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THE *Portugal* Expedition.

To which is Added,

Dr. *G——h*'s EPIGRAM

On the ſame Subject.

——*Ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo.*
Virgil.

By Mr. *COBB.*

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Baſſet*, at the *Mitre* in *Fleetſtreet*; and Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1704. Price 2*d*.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE PORTUGAL Expedition.

AT length Auſpicious Blaſts are heard to blow
From Icy Lakes, and Mountains cloath'd with Snow.
Go, *Auſtrian* Prince, with this Propitious Gale,
And looſen to the Wind thy Swelling Sail.
The Rugged *North*, pleas'd with the Great Deſign,
Pays this to *ANNA*'s Wiſhes, and to Thine.
So has he chang'd his rough uncourtly Mien,
Bows to the Hero, and obeys the Queen.

Tho' once unkind, he drove the fierce *Alane*,
And hardy *Suevian*, from a colder Plain:
Tho' with a bleaker Breath he cou'd diſplace
The *Goth* and *Vandal*, an unletter'd Race;
Forc'd 'em, like hungry Beaſts of Prey, to run,
And change their Climate for a warmer Sun.

Rome felt them, and *Iberia* was alarm'd,
Her Heat invited, and her Riches charm'd.
Yet now, relenting, he reſtores to *Spain*
Saturnian Times, and a True Golden Reign.
Think not, *Heſperian*, that the Sea can bear
A Burden fatal to the Grand Affair.
No: *England*, thy Armada can forgive,
Nor ſends her own to Conquer, but Relieve.
Peru is worthleſs to a Prize ſo Great,
And All thy *Indies* leſs than ſuch a Weight.

Breath gently *Boreas*, nor too brisk engage,
Call the ſoft *Eaſtern* Wind to calm thy Rage:
Come *Eurus*, nor in Spicy Groves retreat,
Blow all thy Balmy Breezes on the Fleet.
Neglect *Arabian* Foreſts, nor refuſe,
When *ANNA*'s Breath inſpires, Thy Own to uſe.

Sail, Happy Prince, to that expecting Strand,
Where Wealthy *Tagus* rowls his Golden Sand.
Ah! whither gone? What God inflames Thy Mind,
Thus to attempt the Deep, and truſt the Wind?
Here watery Mountains, never ſeen before,
Hang o'er Thy Sacred Head; there Billows roar;

Doeſt

Doeſt Thou nor Sands, nor Rocks, nor Tempeſts fear?
Whence ſuch great Courage, when ſuch Dangers near?
Canſt Thou undaunted look, when every Wave
With Gaping Mouth preſents Thee with a Grave?

Yes! Nor let Thy Imperial Father pauſe,
When *ANNA* to Her Side His Eagle draws,
And lends the Thunder to ſupport the Cauſe.

From the *French* Continent let Tyrants riſe,
Let Earth breed *Titans* to invade the Skies;
And, to diſlodge the Gods, uſurp a Claim
To the fork'd Lightning, and avenging Flame.
Defer Thy Triumphs, *Gaul*, withhold thy Boaſt,
Nor think with Windy Threats to fright our Coaſt.
Britain ſhall thy falſe Thunderer Remove,
Prepare, like *Crete*, to give the Rightful *Jove*.

IN

IN

CAROLI III. *Iter Luſitanicum.*

VEntus, Hyperboreo qui congeminatur ab Axe,
Jam tibi propitium, *Carole*, findat iter!
Ad Tua vela vocatus adeſt, faciliſq; *Britannæ*
Non didicit *Boreas* ſpernere juſſa Deæ.
A gelidis olim quanivis detruderet Oris
Indocti rabiem ſævior aura *Gothi:*
Quærentemque novas ſedes, nova littora, Suevum.
Et cupidum *Phœbi*, Dives *Ibere*, Tui.
Vandala Barbaries furit hinc *Aquilone* ſiniſtro,
Illinc *Sarmatico* vectus *Alanus* equo.
Solve, *Hiſpane*, metum; major Tibi naſcitur ordo,
Majus erit venti dexterioris opus.
Nempe vocat *Boreas* ſpirantem mitius *Eurum*,
Nec cupit antiquas nunc meminiſſe minas.
Fortior aſpires, nec differat, *Eure*, labores
Vel *Panchæa* Tuos ſylva, vel *Inda* Tuos.

I,

I, decus *Auſtriaci* generis; pete, *Carole*, littus
Quod lavat auriſluo prodigus amne *Tagus*.
Aſpice, inexpertus montes ut ſcandit aquarum!
Tranſit ut ignoti dura pericla maris!
Ne timeas Aquilæ Juveni, *Leopolde*; Tonanti
Dum ſimilis fulmen quod dedit *Anna* gerit.
Creta Britannia erit; ſit gens fœcunda Tyrannis
Gallica: Dat teneros Inſula ſola *Jovis*.

An

An EPIGRAM,

By Dr. G——h,

On the ſame Subject.

Pallas deſtructive of the *Trojan* Line,
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built by Hands Divine.
But Love's Bright Goddeſs with propitious Grace
Preſerv'd a Hero to reſtore the Race.
So the Fam'd Empire, where the *Iber* flows,
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* roſe.

In *Latin*, by Mr. *COBB*.

STructa manu, *Neptune*, Tuâ Priameia *Troja*
Palladio everſa eſt Gens inimica dolo.
Sed *Cypriæ* Auſpiciis (Teneros nè fama taceret)
Sub densâ latuit nube Propago Deæ.
Occiduum Solem ſic precipitavit *Eliza*,
At nunc Auxiliis emicat, *Anna*, Tuis.

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FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TOM DOUBLE againſt Dr. D—v—n—t: Or, The Learned Author of the Eſſays on Peace at Home and War Abroad Conſider'd, ſo far as his paſt Actions Abroad run Counter to this Preſent. Alſo the ſeveral Heads of Sir *Humphry Mackworth's* Vindication of the Proceedings of the Houſe of Commons upon the Bill for preventing the Danger from Occaſional Conformity, by way of Epitome; with ſome Remarks on Mr. *Lacy's* Letter to him on that Subject, in Two Letters to a Friend.

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